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CARS arrive at, and depart from,  
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The following choice fruits  
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To have your old SUITS MADE TO  
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The renewing of ladies' clothing a  
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THE LEADING MILLINER OF  
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Has just received ex Sierra the lat-  
est in high crowns and poke shades.  
Felts of all colors. New veillings for  
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Ice delivered to any part of the city.

Island orders promptly filled. Tel. Blue

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order a rig from

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## THE WONDER MILLINERY PARLORS,

Fort Street, oppo. Convent.

STYLISH TRIMMED HATS.

Latest in SHIRT WAIST HATS.

# Recollections —and Reflections

Thomas Fitch

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Fitch.]

## BONANZA KINGS

Hats off, Old Pioneers, Johnny Mack-  
ay was a man—every inch of him.  
Long before he girdled the world with  
his cable, he wired an electric cord  
around ten thousand hearts that throb-  
bed with love for him while he lived,  
and with grief for him when he died.

When great wealth or great fame  
comes suddenly to a man, it sometimes  
engenders the disease of "magnus  
cabeza." That complaint never at-  
tacked Mackay. He was ever the  
same brave, chivalric, generous soul,  
who gave like a prince, fought like a  
Crusader, and forgave like a priest.  
Those who knew him were wild with  
delight when this multi-millionaire,  
disregarding his fifty years, resented a  
sneering remark concerning his wife,  
not by a libel suit, nor by a retort in  
kind, but by practicing an art of which  
he was in youth a past master, and  
thrashing the scandalizer upon a street  
corner in San Francisco, and thrash-  
ing him well.

The other Bonanza Kings left scarce-  
ly a perceptible mark upon their times.  
O'Brien died soon after he came into  
his great fortune, but while he lived  
went ever into his pocket at the sight  
of distress. Flood was originally a  
saloon keeper, and in his contest for  
financial supremacy with William C.  
Ralston—the cashier and controlling  
spirit of the Bank of California—the  
latter is reported to have said, "I will  
send Flood back to his original business  
of selling cocktails." When this threat  
was communicated to Flood, he re-  
plied, "If I do I will sell them over  
the counter of the Bank of California."  
When the great bank stopped payment,  
and Ralston committed suicide, Flood  
negotiated for the purchase of the bank  
building, proposing to fit up a saloon  
with carved counter for a bar, behind  
which he designed, arrayed in a white  
apron, to officiate as barkeeper for a  
day. It was with great difficulty that  
Mackay and Fair dissuaded him from  
executing this scheme of vengeance  
upon the dead Ralston.

Fair was the inventor of a plan to  
discourage widows and orphans who  
first offered proof of an alleged mar-  
riage with a millionaire after his death.  
He provided in his will that every lady  
who should prove herself to be his  
widow, and every child who should es-  
tablish a title to call him father, should  
be entitled to receive from his estate  
a legacy of one hundred dollars.

Mackay's generosity was unostenta-  
tious, and took the form of private  
rather than of public beneficence. A  
few months before his death, he locked  
himself in his office with his private  
secretary and destroyed notes, receipts,  
and other evidence of loans and gifts  
to the amount of several millions of  
dollars.

It was not only the poor who lacked  
food and shelter who were relieved by  
him, but his benefactions extended to  
those who impoverished by ill-fortune,  
yet struggled desperately with fate,  
and like the Spartan boy, smiled in  
the face of the world, while the yowl  
of disaster was eating at the vitals.

Of a lawyer once prosperous, but who  
had lost his practice, a gentleman said  
to Mackay, "The Judge dresses well  
and he lives in a handsome house, but  
I happen to know that his wife's dia-  
monds and furs are in pawn, that his  
furniture and law library are covered  
with chattel mortgages, that his rent  
and servants' hire and grocery bills are  
unpaid, that his landlord is very im-  
patient, and that his family may at  
any time be thrust into the street."

"Poor fellow," said Mackay, "and he  
has such a nice family. Such dis-  
tress is greater than the suffering of  
one who has no position to maintain.  
Dick, draw a check for a thousand  
dollars and send it to him." "He  
won't take it, Mr. Mackay," replied the  
secretary. "He is as proud as Lucifer,  
and I believe that rather than accept  
charity he would commit suicide." "Is  
it as bad as that?" said Mackay. "Well,  
we'll find a way to make him take it.  
What has become of that litigation  
between the Durgon and Home-  
stretch Company?" "All settled," re-  
plied the secretary. "Well you hunt  
up some other lawsuit, any old law-  
suit. Sure there's enough of them  
bothering us when we don't want them.  
You employ the Judge in it to assist  
our other lawyers, and pay him a  
thousand dollars, and don't you let on  
to him that I have anything to do with  
it. Tell him it is the order of the Board  
of Directors."

Mackay's gifts sometimes took an  
eccentric form. He would send a hun-  
dred dollars or more to a widow,  
"with the regards of William Sharon"  
until that capitalist was not only driv-  
en wild with protestations of gratitude,  
but his outer office was crammed with  
petitioners for similar aid, to whom  
Mackay's beneficiary had communicat-  
ed the glad tidings that Sharon was  
taken with enlargement of the heart.

An old mining partner of Mackay's,  
who had not seen him for years, came  
to San Francisco from the Siskiyou  
mountains, and called upon the multi-  
millionaire at his office in the Nevada  
block. Mackay greeted his old friend  
warmly, invited him to dinner, drove

with him to the Cliff House, accom-  
panied him to the theater, and for two  
days and nights abandoned all other  
engagements to entertain him. On the  
morning of the third day, the old miner  
called at the bank to bid "Johnny"  
good-bye. "Before you go," said  
Mackay, "I have a little business with  
you. You remember that claim that  
we had and worked together at Crise-  
ly's bar? After you went on that wild  
goose chase to Fraser river, I sold that  
claim for six hundred dollars. I could  
not get any trace of you, so when I  
went to Washoe the next spring, I put  
your half of the money in Gould and  
Curry. It stayed there all these years  
until yesterday, when I closed it out.  
It amounts, dividends and all, to twen-  
ty-two thousand six hundred and four  
dollars and sixty cents. Here is a  
check for the money."

"I'm glad you didn't forget the four  
dollars and sixty cents, Johnny," said  
the old miner, tearing the check up and  
throwing the pieces into the waste bas-  
ket. "You're a fine bookkeeper, John-  
ny, but you're also the biggest liar in  
the State of California. I know all  
about that claim, for I went back there  
after you left, and worked it a month.  
I couldn't make grub money out of it  
and I gave it to some Chinamen for a  
vegetable garden, you never sold it and  
you are giving me this gift because you  
want to give me a lot of money. Sure,  
I don't want your money, Johnny, it  
would spoil the taste of the good time  
my old partner has given me. My place  
as foreman at Biggs cattle ranch is  
kept open for me and I'm going back to  
it, so good-bye, Johnny, and God bless  
you for dropping all the dudes for two  
days to take a run with the old man."

"Hold on a minute," said Mackay, "if  
you won't let me do something for you,  
maybe you will do something for me.  
I have loaned a lot of money to the  
Eureka Cattle Company, and they have  
mismanaged things and cannot pay,  
and I have got to take the ranch in.  
Now I want you to go up there and  
appraise the property for me, and if  
I take it you must act as manager,  
and I'll pay you going wages, and not  
a cent more, and if you don't run things  
properly I'll fire you." "Oh, that's busi-  
ness," said the old man, "that I'll do."

The next fall the manager of the Eureka  
Cattle Company ranch wrote to his  
old friend, "I have kept up all ex-  
penses so far, from the sale of steers  
and the cattle have increased nearly  
one-third, but I need a lot of cash to  
pay taxes and put in more pipe, and  
beef on the hoof has gone down. I  
think it best not to sell any more at  
going prices, and maybe you had better  
send me the money needed." By return  
mail the manager received a letter  
from Mackay saying: "I am not lend-  
ing money to old idiots who tear up  
checks. Pay your own taxes, if you  
haven't the cash, borrow it from the  
bank. You had better look at the re-  
cords and find who owns your old  
ranch."

And the old man found that Mackay  
had deeded him the ranch months be-  
fore—consideration, the friendship and  
regard of John W. Mackay.

Mackay was an early riser, a hard  
worker, and although exceedingly hos-  
pitable was himself abstemious, and  
could seldom be induced to play cards  
for money, and then for only nominal  
stakes. The only game that seemed  
to attract him was the "grasshopper  
races," with which the mining superin-  
tendents on the Comstock beguiled a  
portion of the noon hour, while waiting  
for luncheon at the Savage Company  
hosting house. Boys caught grasshop-  
pers and sold them to the players at  
twenty-five to fifty cents each. Each  
player paid a fixed stake ranging from  
one dollar to twenty dollars into the  
pool, and the man whose hopper made  
the longest jump, captured the pool.  
Upon the day before Christmas it was  
agreed to celebrate that holiday with a  
pool, the stakes in which were to be  
one hundred dollars for each player.  
The terms were "play or pay," and at  
the instance of a German professor who  
was a superintendent of a leading mine,  
each man was allowed to use any  
means that he might devise to stimu-  
late his grasshopper. The professor  
was so full of his scheme to scientific-  
ally capture the thousand dollar pool—  
for there were ten entries—that he  
communicated it to a young assayer,  
who was not a grasshopper plunger.  
The professor had experimented and  
ascertained that a grasshopper touch-  
ed by a feather dipped in a weak  
solution of aqua ammonia, would jump  
for his life. The young man also ex-  
perimented and as a result he filled a  
bottle of the same size and appearance  
with cyanide of potassium and man-  
aged to substitute it for the other in  
the professor's laboratory. The next  
day when the professor, after much  
boasting about his scientific attain-  
ments, dipped a feather in the substi-  
tuted bottle and touched his insect  
with it, the grasshopper rolled over as  
dead as a salt mackerel amid the roars  
of the crowd. Mackay's hopper won  
the big pool, and two widows, whose  
husbands had been killed in the Yellow  
Jacket mine, received a gift of five hun-  
dred dollars each, from an unknown  
source.

Mackay's wit was quick and occa-  
sionally scathing. After an absence of  
several years in Arizona, I visited San  
Francisco. In the Palace Hotel Court  
Mackay accosted me, saying jestingly,  
"Now that you have got rich in Ariz-  
ona (alas, this was not true) I sup-  
pose that you won't speak to your old  
friends any more." I replied—humor-  
ing his jest—"Well, John, we million-  
aires can hardly be civil to a poor man  
without his trying to borrow money of  
us. I'll speak to you of course but

don't you take advantage of it to try  
and negotiate a loan." Just then Mr.  
C. P. Huntington, who was then visit-  
ing San Francisco on one of his an-  
nual tours, crossed the hotel office  
and accosted me. We shook hands,  
and I noticed that Mackay and Hun-  
tington did not speak to each other, said,  
"Why is it possible that you gentle-  
men are not acquainted?" Mr. Hun-  
tington this is Mr. Mackay." The rail-  
road king nodded coolly to Mackay  
and said, "How do you do, sir?" A  
moment afterwards the expression of  
his face changed and he exclaimed—  
"Why, this is not John W. Mackay, is  
it?" Mackay—who was evidently a  
little nettled at Huntington's failure  
to know him, touched his hat with  
mock deference and answered, "John  
W. is my first name, if you please, sir."  
The conversation drifted into com-  
ments upon the growth and prospects  
of San Francisco. "The people must  
get rid of their expensive ways," said  
Huntington, "before San Francisco  
will really thrive." "Why, San Fran-  
cisco is the cheapest city to live in,  
in America," said Mackay. "That may  
be so," I suggested, "for people with  
small incomes who employ no domestic  
servants." "San Francisco," repeated  
Huntington, "must get down to busi-  
ness. There is no coin here smaller  
than a nickel. It should be so that  
you can buy something for a penny."  
"What," said Mackay, "do you want  
to buy for a penny?" "An apple, for  
instance," rejoined Huntington. "But,"  
said I, "you can buy five apples for five  
cents." "What?" said Mackay, "and  
give away the other four, and break his  
heart?"

This, though witty, was not just to  
Huntington who was not by any means  
a small man in small things. In en-  
gineering a financial scheme in Wall  
street, or suggesting a freight and fare  
schedule he would mercilessly exact  
"all that the traffic would bear," but he  
was loyal to old friendships and gen-  
erous to old friends, and if the stubs  
of his private check book were given  
in evidence, they would show many  
and many a benefaction known only to  
the recipient and himself, as well as  
many larger benefactions to "promote  
public purposes and advance the suc-  
cess of principles in which he believed."

Leland Stanford was the philosopher  
and prophet of the pioneer overland  
road. Charles Crocker was its right  
arm, but C. P. Huntington was its  
brain. Crocker's favorite seat was  
upon the cowcatcher of the locomotive  
on the construction train, ever push-  
ing to the front with restless energy.  
Stanford with dominant individuality  
controlled men, controlled caucuses,  
reconciled conflicting interests and pla-  
cated enemies. But C. P. Huntington  
was the master spirit. When the  
financial necessities of the road called  
him to New York City he was no longer  
a young man, and he was without  
special training for his task. But  
from the hour he entered Wall Street,  
until death called him, he was suc-  
cessful in his operations. Rival capital-  
ists could not entrap him, and he was  
not to be bullied either by men or  
events. When one who had come into  
possession of a bundle of his letters,  
that were afterwards used in the Col-  
ton case, tried to sell them to him for  
a large amount, his cool and character-  
istic reply was, "They are worth the  
money, but I have read them; you  
want to sell them to somebody  
who has not read them." He had the  
courage of his convictions. He be-  
lieved that the construction of an inter-  
oceanic canal would have a tendency  
to lessen the revenues of the Southern  
Pacific Company, and he did not hesi-  
tate to throw obstacles in the way of  
its construction. "It will never be  
built while I live," said he.

He was a strong friend and a bitter  
enemy. He was a grand old fighter,  
who fought ever in the open. When he  
entered the lists he passed by all les-  
ser antagonists and smote the brazen  
shields of the Brian de Bois Guilberts.  
When he began the hazardous experi-  
ment of constructing an overland road,  
there were not fifty miles of railroad  
all told, between the Rocky mountains  
and the Pacific ocean. He lived to see  
the locomotives of seven great trans-  
continental lines, thundering daily,  
from the Missouri to the Pacific, and  
to be able to ride in his private car  
from Arctic to tropic seas. His most  
appropriate epitaph would be his reply  
to a member of a committee of the  
United States Senate, who said to him  
when he was examined as a witness be-  
fore the Inter State Commerce Com-  
mission: "Mr. Huntington, have you  
no respect for public opinion?" "I  
have," was his reply, "the highest re-  
gard for the good opinion of C. P. Hun-  
tington."

## NEWSY NOTES.

(From the "Four Corners Sentinel.")  
Colonel Spires has a new hat. Good  
for you, Colonel!

Mrs. Squire Higgins is in town. She  
is the consort of Squire Higgins of  
Centre village. Wonder how the  
Squire's acting!

Henry Morse lost a pig from his  
land recently and also his son lately.  
Misfortune is setting on "Hen."

The Town Hall is having a new door  
hung. Sile Martin is doing it. Hope  
you don't get hung Sile!

George Marks' last shipment of eggs to  
the city, the eggs of which are re-  
ported to be all bad. George lays it  
to the hens, but that's a matter of a  
pinion.

There's an out-of-towner stopping at  
Snow's this week, who is selling the  
Douglas Patent Closet. Hail, oh! our  
progressive town.

## Fire Yesterday Morning

A small cottage in Kawaiahao street  
was burned between 10 and 11 yester-  
day morning. It was owned by John  
Mendoza and occupied by Manuel Sil-  
va and family, whose household effects  
were almost totally consumed. The sum  
of \$26 deposited under a bed was lost.  
A defective stovepipe caused the fire.  
By the exertions of the fire department  
the cottage occupied by John Gomes  
Clement, which the flames seized, was  
saved with slight damage. The total  
loss was \$750, partly insured.



## HOW I CURE WEAK, PUNY MEN AND MAKE PHYSICAL GIANTS OF PIGMIES

There is one thing that I notice in all my patients: The loss of vital power. They have wasted it in some manner, usually by foolishness. Vital power is what they have lost. I know that I can give it back, so I know that I can cure every weak, puny man who will follow my advice.

With my new improved Belt, the result of many years of study, I will cure any case of weakness.

## OR I WILL FORFEIT \$1,000 IN GOLD

This is no idle boast. I talk straight from the shoulder, and back up anything I say.

With some poor men, who have spent every cent they have earned upon quacks who have promised everything, it is not enough for me to say, "I can cure you." Others have said that and have not cured them. Now I want to prove to them that I can and will, if my advice is followed. I am doing it every day.

Mr. John Klossner, Humboldt, Nev., writes me: "I want to tell you that your belt has done me great good. It is the best thing I ever tried and may the Lord bless you for it. I now feel as if I was only 25 years old."

It makes a man feel young. Youth is health, vigor, courage, ambition. It is joy and happiness.

Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work or worry; from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by nature to be strong and sturdy. Even that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength I can make as good as he ever was.

I can give back to any man what he has lost by violation of the laws of nature. I can stop all drains upon his vitality in ten days.

## FREE BOOK

I explain how I do this in my book for men, which I will send, sealed, free on request. Every man who would like to reach the highest physical standard should read it.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that by draining the system in any manner my Belt will replace it, and cure you.

Mr. Harry C. Jackson, Valleton, Cal., writes: "Although you are a stranger to me, my heart warms toward you as a great benefactor and friend, and I am more than grateful to you. Already I can feel the vigor of new life in my body; no aches and no pains. I wish you every success in your work."

Letters like that tell a story which means a great deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stirs up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electric body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

## \*FREE ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

This suspensory is constructed so as to carry the current to the prostate gland, the seat of all weakness. It is free with Belts for men. Mr. John Gately, Long Valley, Cal., writes: "Your Belt has relieved me of rheumatism and stomach trouble to such an extent that I can now do a good day's work in peace. I have gained thirty pounds in weight and am still improving."

Give me a man with pains in his back, a dull ache in his muscles or joints, "come-and-go" pains in the shoulders, chest and side, Sciatica in his hip, Lumbago, Rheumatism or any ache or pain, and my Belt will pour the oil of life into his aching body and drive out every sign of pain. No pain can exist where my Belt is worn.

Mr. E. B. Miller of Compton avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I have used your high-grade Belt for two months for lame back, rheumatism and weakened nerves, and am now a well man. I have gained over six pounds in weight and feel as strong and hearty as I ever did."

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

Now, what does this mean to you, dear reader? If you are not what you ought to be, can you ask any better proof to make you try it? Is there a remedy which is as simple, as easy to use, as sure to cure and as cheap as Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt? I have not seen one. You must try it. In justice to yourself and to those who look to you for their future happiness, try it now. Act this minute. Such a matter ought not to be delayed.

It is as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no stinging, no burning, as in old-style belts. I take other belts in exchange. Send for my beautiful book, full of the things which a man likes to read if he wants to be a strong man. I send it, sealed, free. Cut out this ad. and send it to me. Call and test the Belt free.

DR. M. G. McLaughlin 906 Market Street,  
Above Ellis, San Francisco.

## NOTICE

## Popular Prices

will be charged from TODAY, Saturday,  
September 5, 1903, at the

## Royal Annex Saloon

The very best liquors only will be served,  
as heretofore.

W. C. Peacock & Co. Ltd.

## Oriental Bazaar ..

Hand-carved Sandal wood and Ivory Fans, silk embroidered; also Sandal wood and Ivory Card Cases, Jewelry Boxes and Picture Frames in great variety.

Waity Building, King Street opposite Advertiser Office,  
Phone White 2746.